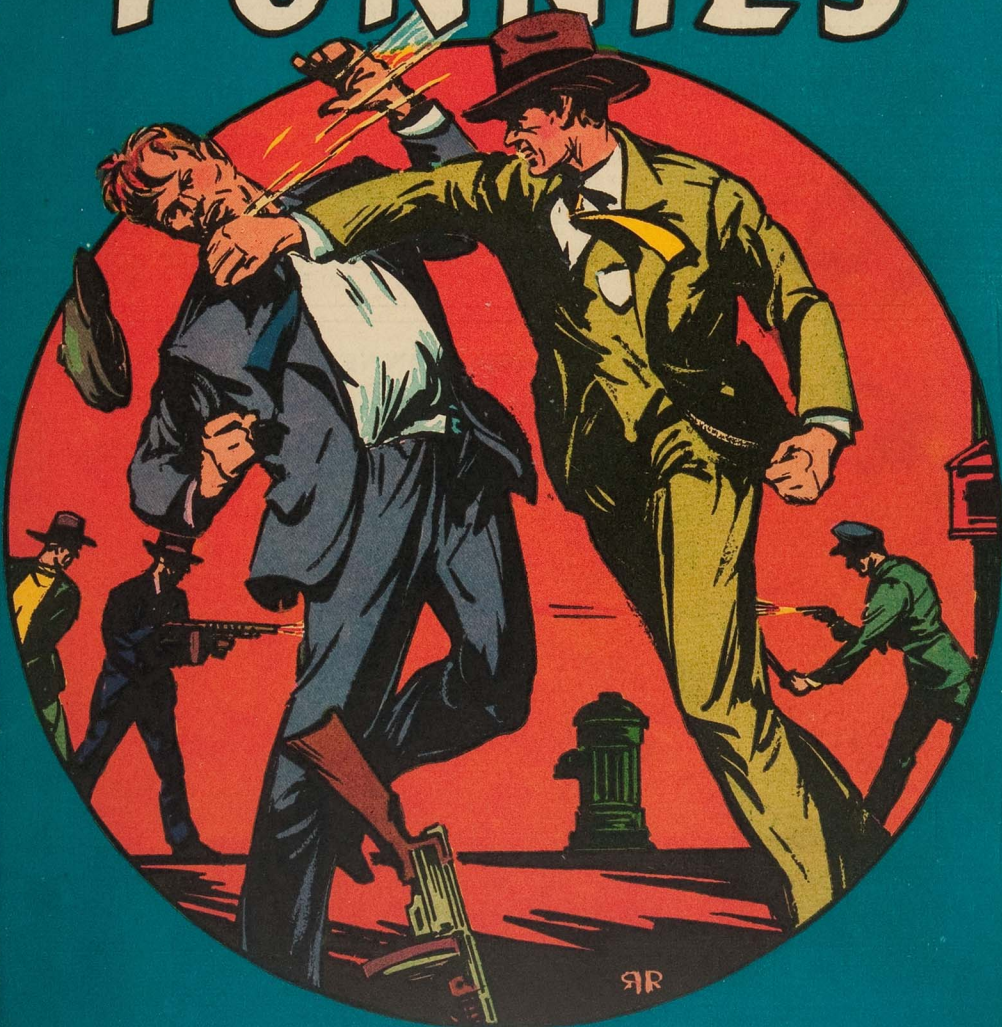


# *Keen* **DETECTIVE** **FUNNIES**

10c

FEB



**FAST ACTION IN COMPLETE PICTURES!**





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# DEAN DENTON

scientific adventurer

THE LEGION OF  
MISSING MEN

by  
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL.

68

DEAN, RETIRING FROM HIS CAREER AS RADIO'S HIGHEST PAID VENTRILOQUIST HAS DEVOTED HIMSELF TO HELPING HUMANITY THROUGH SCIENCE FROM THE CHIEF OF POLICE, DEAN, AND HIS AIDE CAROL KANE, HEAR OF AN ALARMING NUMBER OF CASES WHERE MEN HAVE VANISHED

WE'VE KEPT IT OUT OF THE PAPERS, SO FAR, DENTON, BUT THESE MEN KEEP DISAPPEARING IT'S GETTING ME DOWN

TELEFOAM FO' YO' ALL, GINRAL!

MISSING MEN, CHIEF!

WHAT'S THAT! YOU'VE FOUND ONE OF THOSE MISSING MEN? YEAH.... DEAD, WAS HE? AND WHAT'S ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT A RED PAPER SKULL?

OHO! SO HE'S BACK AGAIN!

L-L-LAWSY

CHIEF, THAT SCARLET SKULL IS THE CONQUEROR'S TRADE MARK! THAT'S A START! HAVE YOU ANY OTHER CLUES TO THE MISSING MEN?

ONLY THAT A LOT OF THEM ANSWERED THIS AD!

**SINGLE MEN.**  
FREE TO TRAVEL  
**\$10.00 A DAY**  
AND ALL EXPENSES  
**X Y Z Employment**  
HUNT BLDG. 39

LOOK, DEAN, HERE'S THAT SAME AD IN TODAY'S PAPER.

GOOD GIRL, CAROL. THAT'S ALL I NEED. WAIT A MINUTE!

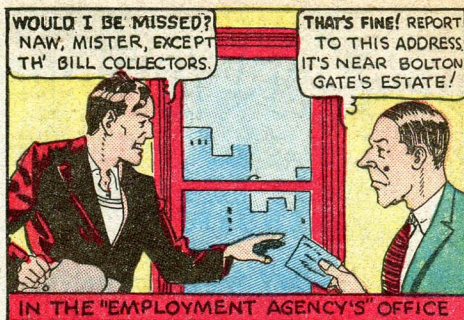
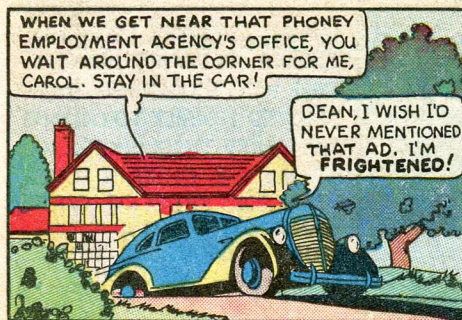
DEAN! WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING IN THOSE RAGS?

DRESSING UP TO GET A \$10. JOB WITH THE CONQUEROR!

THAT'S RISKY, DENTON!

WHEN DEAN RETURNS 10 MINUTES LATER.







ABSALOM! THERE'S A DOOR  
RIGHT IN THE SIDE OF THAT  
HILL. I'M GOING OVER

I AIN'T HAVIN'  
NO PARTS O'  
NO DOOR, MIZ  
CAROL!

LATER, ON THE OLD POST ROAD —

AS CAROL PROWLs AROUND THE DOOR.

LET ME GO!  
LET—

TAKE IT EASY,  
SISTER!

GRAB HER!

LAWSY, DE RED BAF'  
ROBES GOT MIZ CAROL

MEANWHILE  
OH, WHAT A HEAD! WHERE AM  
I? WHAT — OH, HO! I REMEMBER!

IN A CAVE  
IN THE  
BOWELS  
OF THE  
EARTH

FINE!  
THAT'S JUST  
WHAT I WANT!

FOLLOW US, DENT.  
THE CONQUEROR  
WANTS TO SEE  
YOU.

DEAN WAS  
LED TO A  
COLOSSAL  
CAVERN  
IN WHICH  
SCORES OF  
LABORERS  
WERE  
WORKING  
FEVERISHLy

HOLY SMOKE, WHAT A  
LAYOUT! HERE'S WHERE THE  
MISSING MEN ARE. AND—  
LOOK AT THAT LIGHT!

HOW DO YOU GET RID OF THE  
HEAT FROM THAT LIGHT COLUMN?

ELECTRIC  
AIR CONDITIONING?

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR AIR CONDITIONING  
IF THE CURRENT FAILS?

ALL EXIT DOORS  
OPEN AUTOMATICALLY

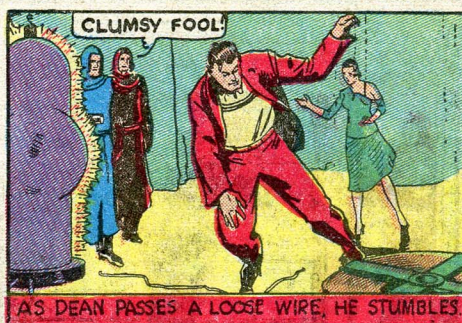
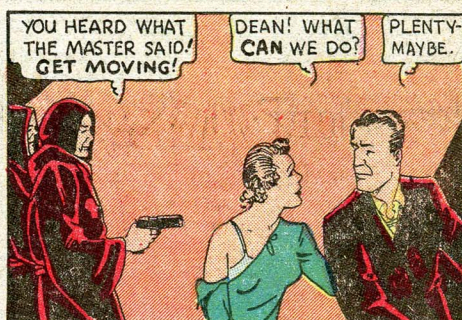
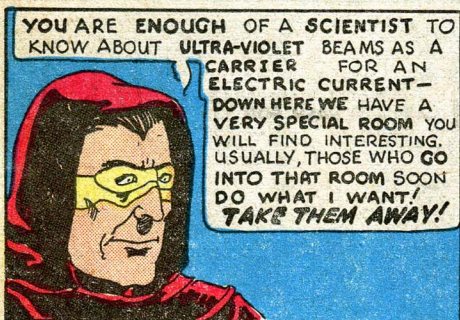
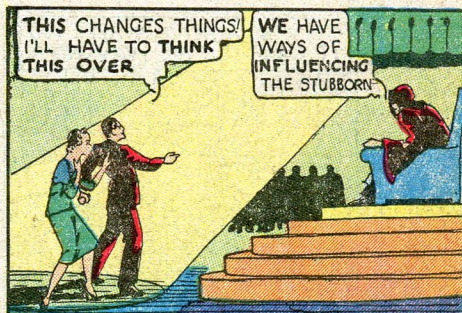
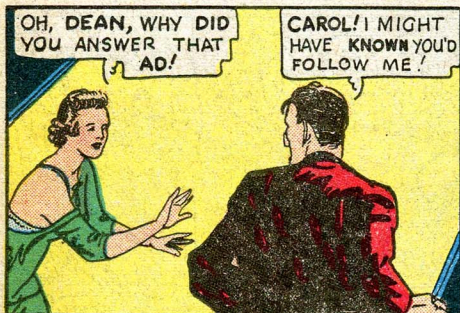
SHUT UP  
Z 29!

HERE, OH CONQUEROR, IS YOUR  
NEW SUBJECT

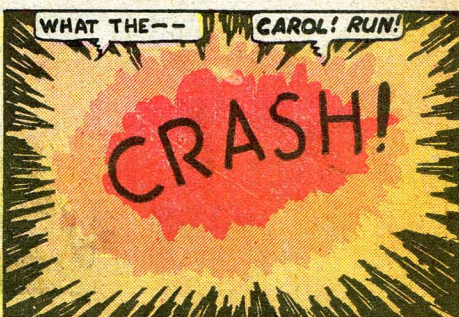
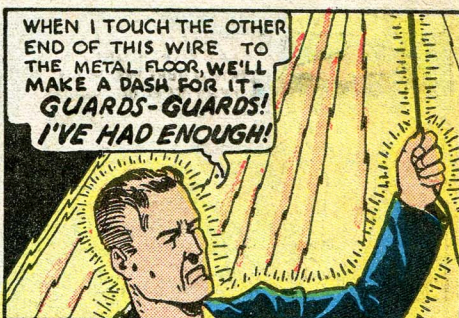
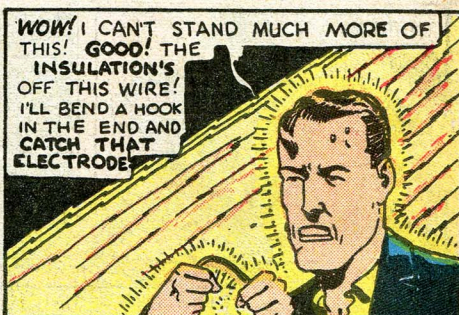
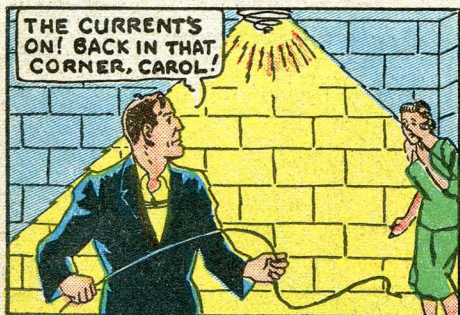
SO DENTON! YOU  
WALKED INTO MY  
TRAP!

THIS IS A  
MESS!

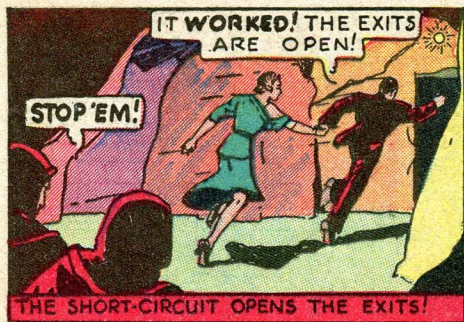












IT WORKED! THE EXITS  
ARE OPEN!

STOP 'EM!

THE SHORT-CIRCUIT OPENS THE EXITS!



THAT WAS A CLOSE  
CALL. NOW RUN AS  
YOU NEVER RAN  
BEFORE!

THROUGH THE DOOR IN THE NICK OF TIME!!



HURRY, CAROL! THE  
DOOR'S CLOSING!



THE STEEP ROCKY TUNNEL LEADS EVER UPWARD.

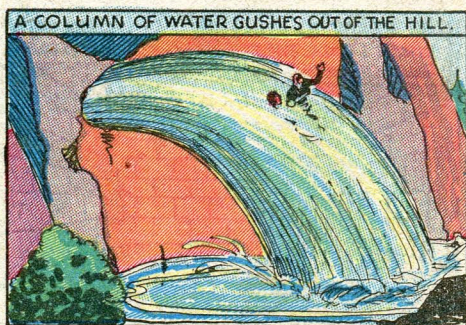
DEAN! I HEAR  
RUSHING WATER

HOLY SMOKE!! THE  
CONQUEROR'S FLOODING  
THE TUNNEL!



JUST A LITTLE  
FARTHER! I SEE DAYLIGHT!

DEAN! I CANT-



A COLUMN OF WATER GUSHES OUT OF THE HILL.



YOU ALL RIGHT CAROL?

I-I GUESS SO.  
GOSH, DEAN, THE  
DAYLIGHT LOOKS  
GOOD. BUT ALL  
THAT DANGER  
FOR NOTHING!



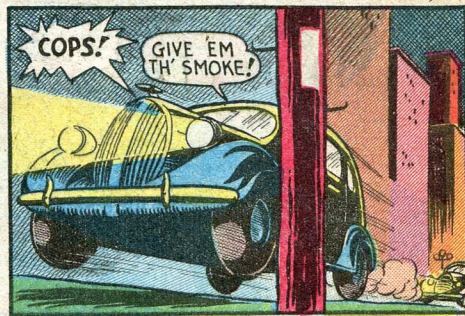
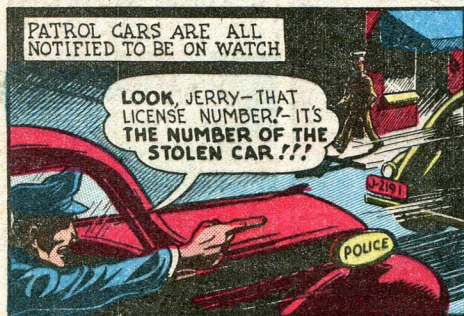
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "FOR NOTHING"? NOW WE  
KNOW WHERE ALL THOSE MISSING MEN ARE, AND  
WHAT THE CONQUEROR IS UP TO. AND  
I'VE A HUNCH I KNOW WHO THE CONQUEROR  
IS!

THE  
END.

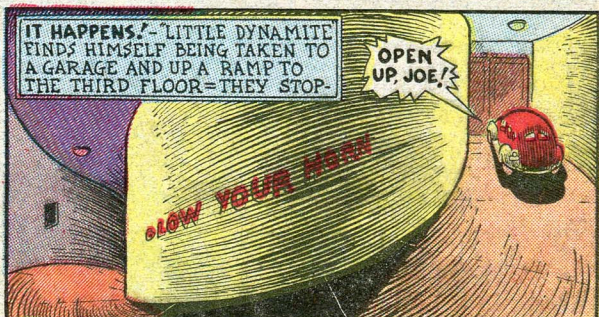
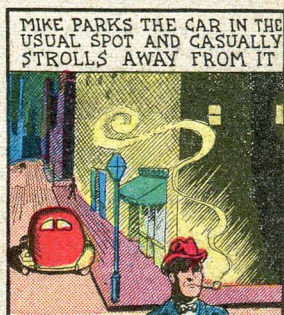
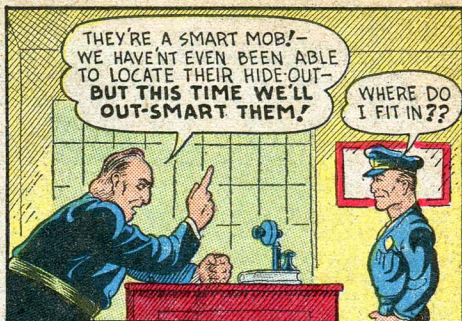
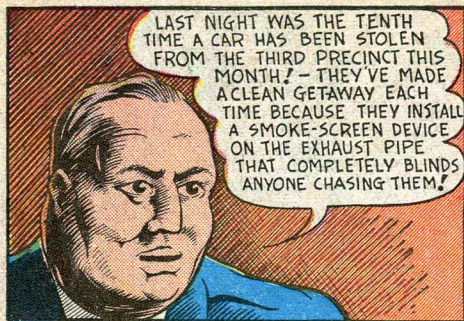


# LITTLE DYNAMITE

—by Jack Cole—







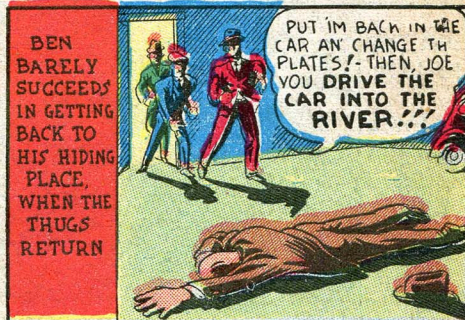
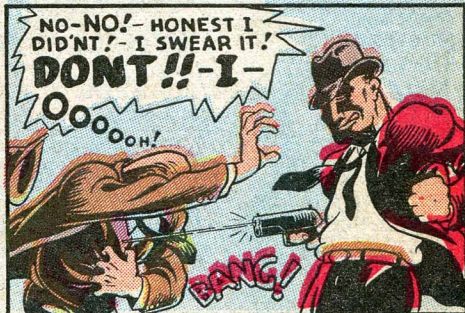
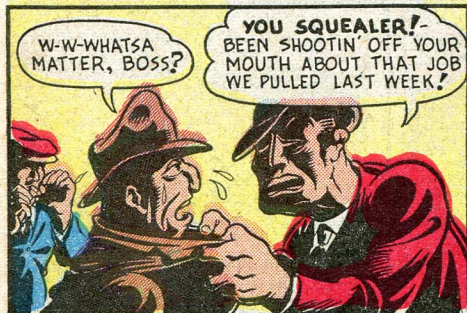


THE DOOR  
OPENS INTO  
A MAMMOTH  
ROOM WHICH  
IS LITERALLY  
FILLED WITH  
"HOT" CARS!

THRU A PEEK-  
HOLE, BEN  
VIEWS THE  
PROCEEDINGS

ANOTHER CAR  
FOR YOU, HIENEY-  
HOW ABOUT  
SOME DOUGH?

YOU DIRTY  
WEASEL!





BEN MUST  
EITHER FACE  
THESE KILLERS  
OR SUFFER  
CERTAIN DEATH  
IF HE REMAINS  
IN THE CAR!

HE DECIDES  
TO FIGHT IT  
OUT!!

I-I- CAN'T  
BUDGE THIS  
DOOR!!—  
IT'S STUCK!



HURRY UP!—I'LL  
GO DOWN FRONT  
AN' SEE IF THE  
COAST IS CLEAR!



COLD BEADS  
OF SWEAT  
RUN DOWN  
BEN'S FACE—  
HE MUST  
GET THAT  
DOOR OPEN  
OR DROWN  
LIKE A RAT!—  
SUDDENLY, HE  
EXERTS ALL  
HIS STRENGTH

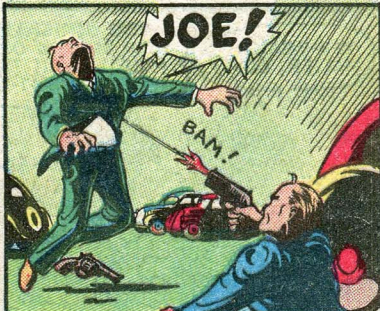
WHAT  
THA-?

CRACK



JOE!

BAN!



WHAT'S GOIN  
ON HERE?—  
WELL I'LL—

STICK 'EM  
UP!!



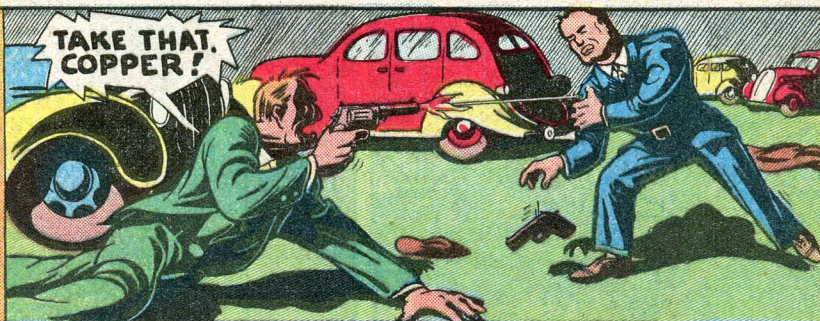
THE GANGSTER  
RUNS FOR COVER

OH NO YA DONT!  
GOT 'IM!!



BUT THE  
KILLER  
IS  
PLAYING  
POSSUM

TAKE THAT,  
COPPER!

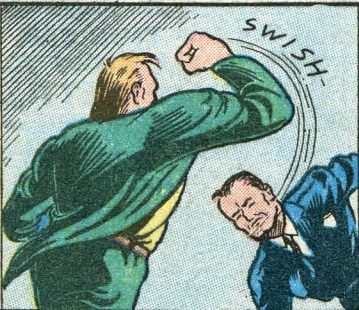




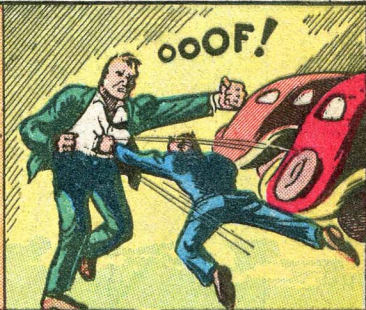
HIS  
SHOULDER  
PAINFULLY  
WOUNDED,  
BEN, DESPERATELY  
PLUNGES  
AT THE  
THUG, AND  
KICKS HIS  
REVOLVER  
FROM HIS  
HAND!



FACING  
OVER-  
WHELMING  
ODDS, BEN  
SUCCEEDS  
IN STAVING  
OFF THE  
FIRST  
BARRAGE  
OF  
FISTS



THEN, A  
TERRIFIC  
LEFT-  
HANDED  
BLOW TO  
THE SOLAR  
PLEXUS  
FELLS  
THE  
GUNMAN

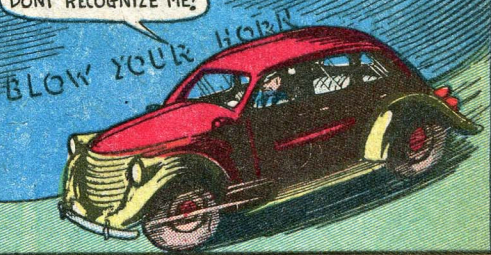


NOW TO GET OUT  
OF HERE —  
IF I CAN!



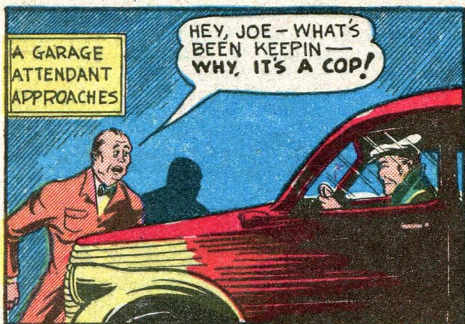
DISGUISED  
IN JOE'S  
CAP AND  
COAT,  
BEN GETS  
IN THE  
CAR AND  
STARTS  
SLOWLY  
DOWN THE  
RAMP

HERE'S HOPIN' THEY  
DONT RECOGNIZE ME!



A GARAGE  
ATTENDANT  
APPROACHES

HEY, JOE — WHAT'S  
BEEN KEEPIN' —  
WHY, IT'S A COP!



HIENEY! HIENEY!  
IT'S COPPERS!  
TH' DICKS!





MOMENTARILY  
BEN  
HESITATES—  
THEN  
PLUNGES  
AHEAD  
AT BREAK-  
NECK SPEED,  
ROUNDING  
THE CURVES  
ON TWO  
WHEELS

DRIVE  
SLOW

LOOKS LIKE I'LL  
HAVE TO RUN THE  
GAUNTLET!

BUT 'A  
CAR HAS  
BEEN  
PARKED  
SQUARE IN  
THE EXIT,  
AND INSIDE  
CROUCHES  
HIENEY,  
MACHINE-  
GUN IN HAND

STOP THAT CAR  
OR I'LL BLOW YA  
TO CONFETTI!!

INSTEAD OF  
SLOWING DOWN,  
BEN PRESSES THE  
ACCELERATOR  
TO THE FLOOR!  
THE CAR LEAPS  
FORWARD

CRASH!!

NEXT DAY AT  
THE HOSPITAL

W-W-WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WHAT HAPPENED?!!  
ONLY THE WHOLE SCHWARTZ  
GANG ROUNDED UP!—ONE OF  
OUR PATROL CARS WAS NEAR-  
BY WHEN YOU CRASHED, AND  
MADE A COMPLETE SCOOP!

HIENEY'S IN THE NEXT ROOM WITH  
A FRACTURED JAW, SIX CRACKED  
RIBS AND A BROKEN ARM!—AND ALL  
YOU GOT OUT OF IT WAS A FEW CUTS  
AND BRUISES!! DOC SAYS IN TWO  
WEEKS YOU'LL BE GOOD AS NEW!!  
IF WE ONLY HAD MORE HALF-PINTS  
LIKE YOU ON THE FORCE, THERE'D  
BE NO CRIMINALS RUNNING  
AROUND LOOSE !!!

Jack Cole



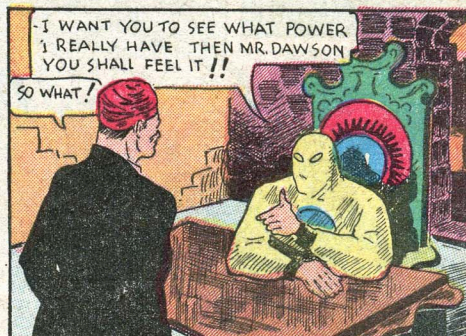
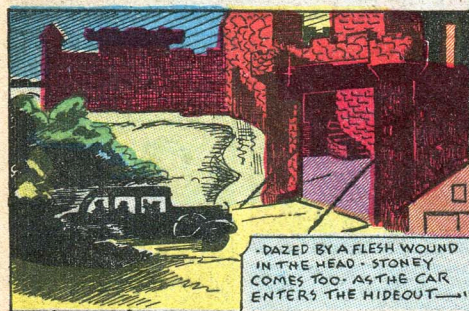
# STONEY DAWSON

and the  
*Hooded Cult*

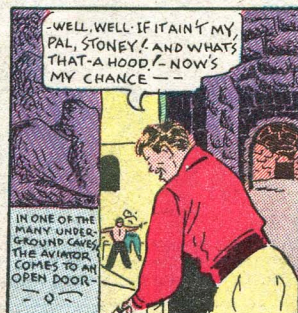
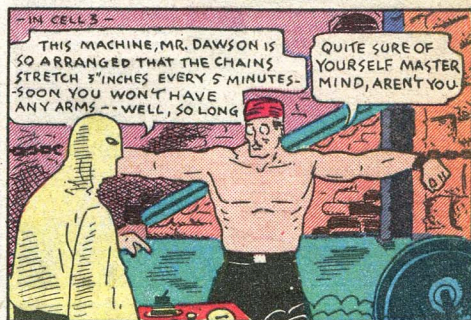
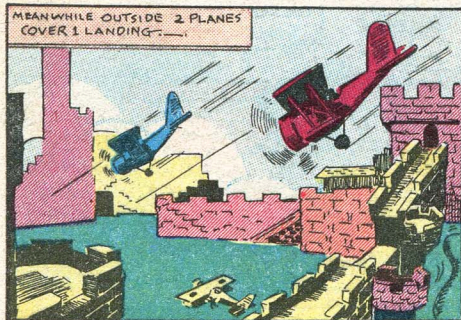
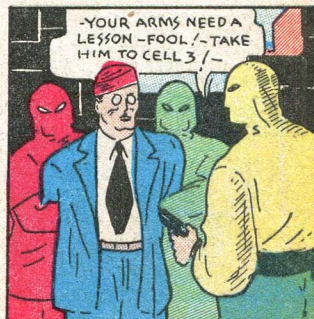
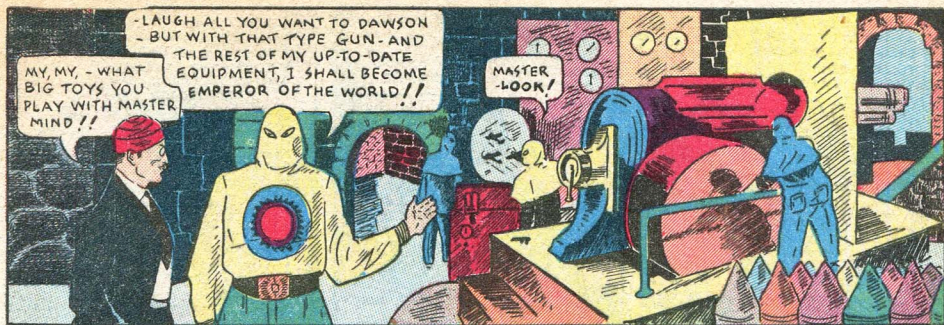
UNKNOWN TO THE POLICE THE HOODED CULT WAS LED BY A LUNATIC PIERRE LACROIX. ONLY 2 AMBITIOUS FILLED HIS PAIN RACKED MIND ONE WAS TO BECOME THE EMPEROR OF THE WORLD - THE OTHER TO GET STONEY DAWSON, THE MAN WHO STOOD BETWEEN HIM AND HIS GOAL -



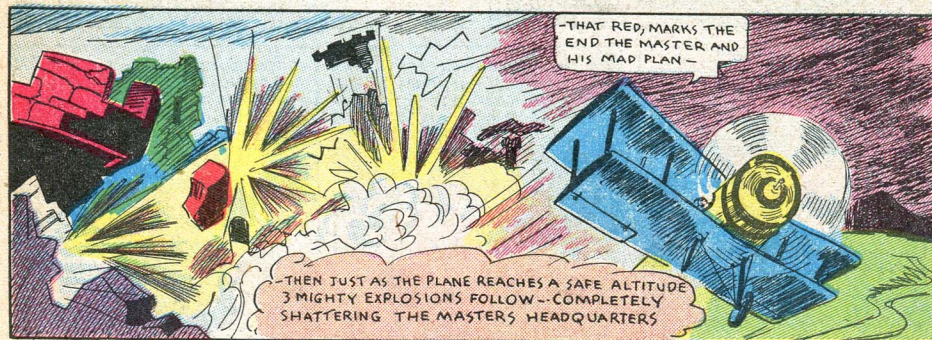
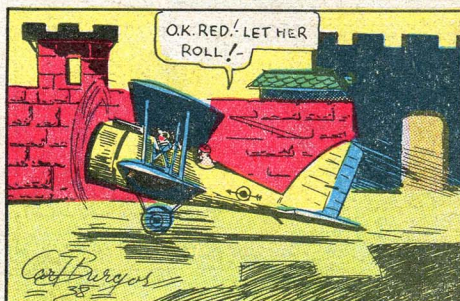
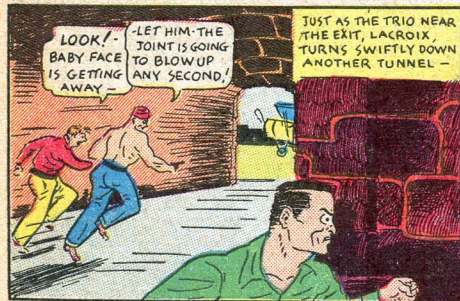














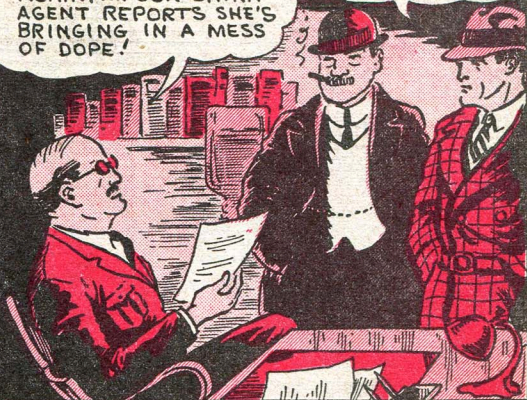
# CAPTAIN BAILY'S BET

A FAST-MOVING  
COMPLETE  
UNDER-COVER  
YARN

by STEVE JUSSEN

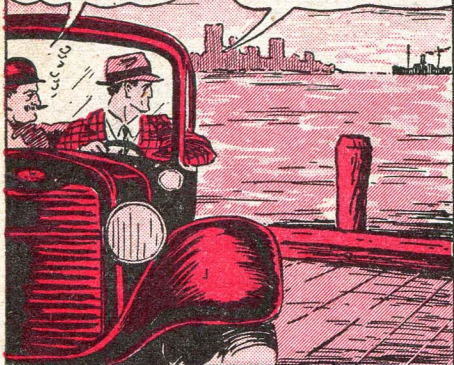
-GOT A LITTLE JOB  
FOR YOU, MAC.....THE  
STEAMSHIP 'MANDARIN',  
AGAIN!.... OUR CHINA  
AGENT REPORTS SHE'S  
BRINGING IN A MESS  
OF DOPE!

OKAY, CHIEF!  
-LET'S GO, MIKE!



THERE'S THE OLD  
KETTLE NOW, MAC  
- JEST ENTERIN'  
TH' HARBOR!

YEH, - BRINGS ME  
BACK TO MY OWN  
SEA-GOIN' DAYS,  
A FEW YEARS AGO!



WELL! - MY OLD FRIEND OF THE  
NARCOTIC SQUAD! - WELCOME ABOARD,  
MAC,.....AND YOU TOO, FLATFOOT!

HELLO, CAPTAIN!  
-HAVE A GOOD TRIP?



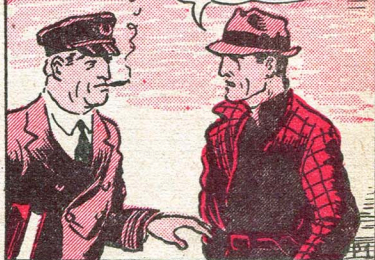
LET GO,  
ANCHOR!

LEGGO,  
SIR!

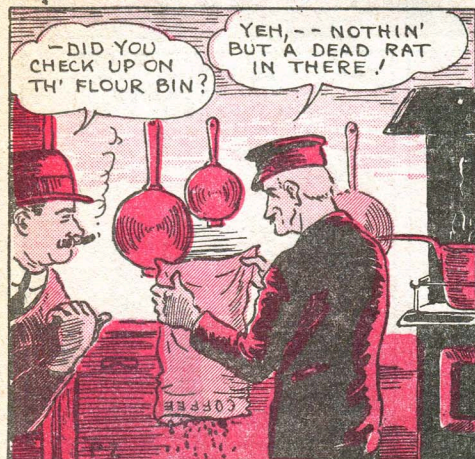
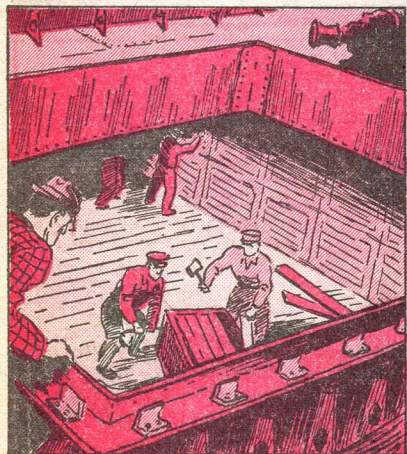
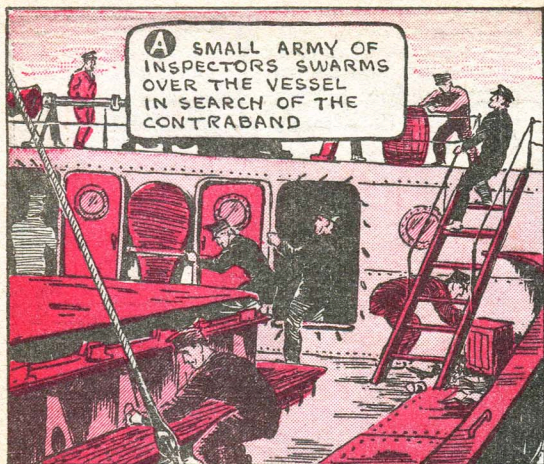


-AS I WAS SAYING, WISE-GUY,  
I'LL LAY YOU EVEN MONEY  
YOU WON'T FIND A SINGLE  
TIN OF DOPE!

IT'S A BET,  
CAPTAIN!



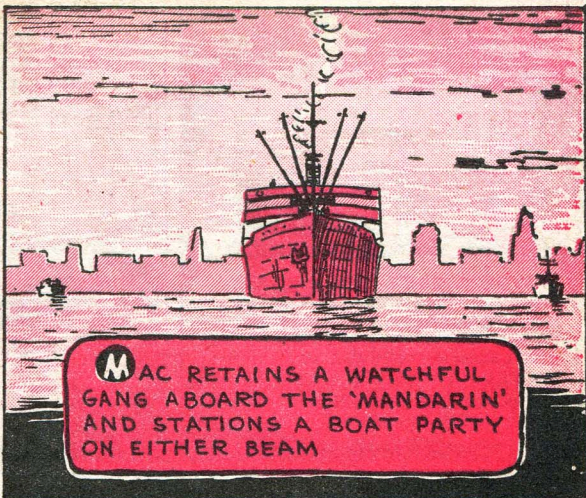






SEEMS T' ME THAT CHINA  
AGENT IS MAKIN' A HABIT  
O' THESE BUM STEERS !....  
..... WELL, THERE'S NO USE  
HANGIN' AROUND HERE  
ANY LONGER !

I'M NOT SO SURE  
ABOUT THAT, MIKE -  
-- I'VE GOT A HUNCH....



**M**AC RETAINS A WATCHFUL  
GANG ABOARD THE 'MANDARIN'  
AND STATIONS A BOAT PARTY  
ON EITHER BEAM

HUMPH !  
- THEY'VE GOT THE  
WHOLE BLOOMIN' FORCE  
WATCHING US !



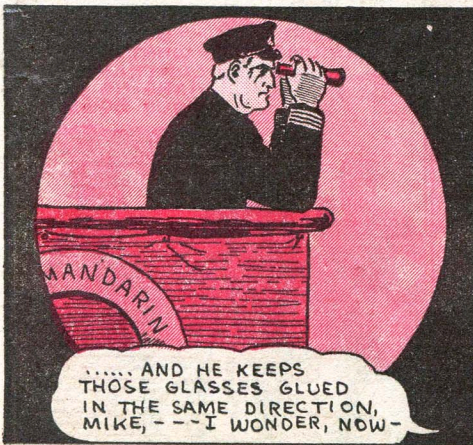
- 'E'S EVEN INSPECTIN'  
TH' GARBAGE WHAT'S THRUN  
OVERBOARD, 'E IS !

YEAH - AN' A LOT O' GOOD  
IT'LL DO 'IM !..... THIS  
SKIPPER O' OURS IS JEST  
A MITE TOO CLEVER  
FER TH' LIKES O' 'IM !



YOU PICKED A FINE DAY  
T' BE PLAYIN' HIDE AN'  
SEEK, ALLRIGHT !... THIS  
COLD, AN' DRIZZLE --

THE MANDARIN'S  
SKIPPER DOESN'T SEEM  
TO MIND IT ! -- HE  
HASN'T LEFT HIS BRIDGE  
SINCE ANCHORING !

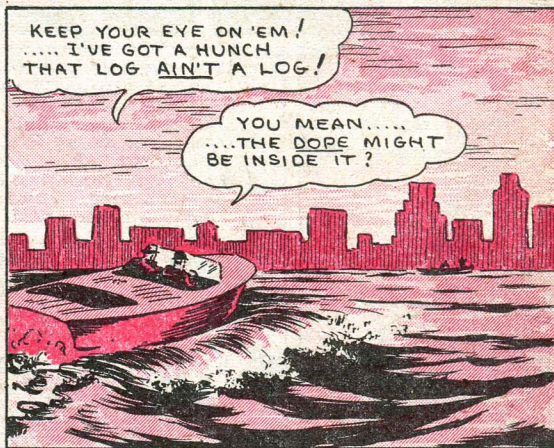
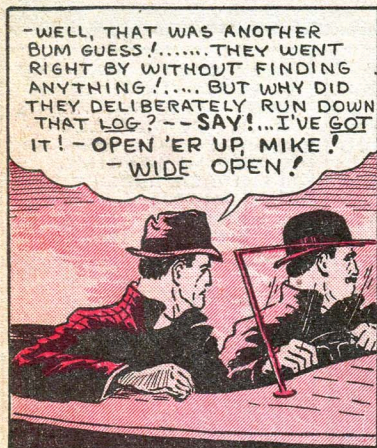
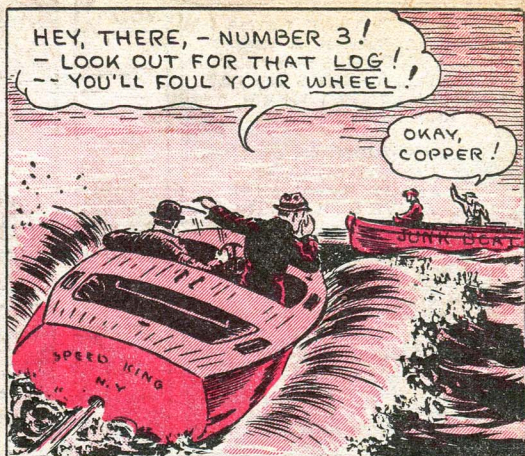
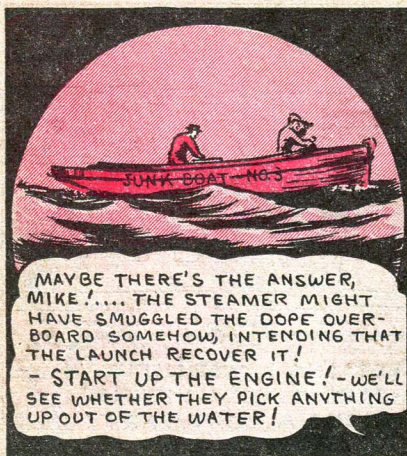


..... AND HE KEEPS  
THOSE GLASSES GLUED  
IN THE SAME DIRECTION,  
MIKE, -- I WONDER, NOW --

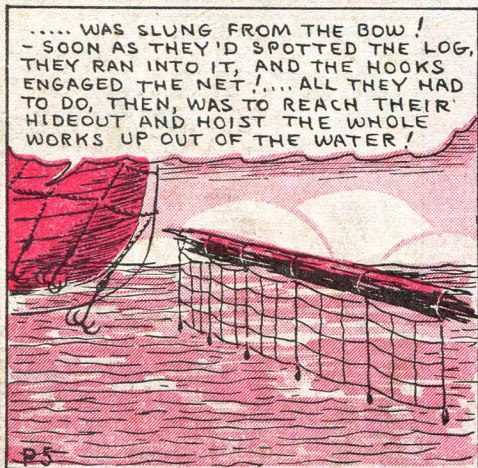
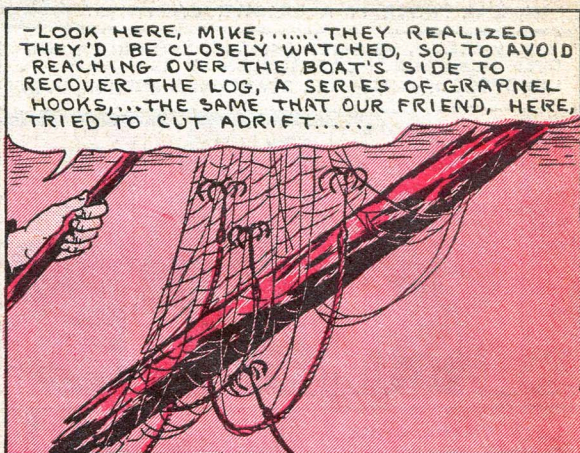
- A LAUNCH CHUGGIN' ALONG OUT  
THERE, MAC, - 'JUNK BOAT, NO. 3 -  
- HEADIN' FER TH' STEAMER !  
..... 'ER CHAUFFEUR SEEMS T' BE  
LOOKIN' FER SOMETHIN'  
THROUGH 'IS OPERY GLASSES.....









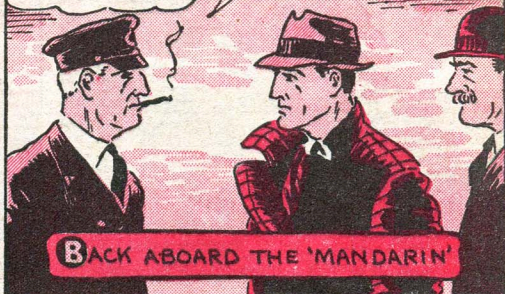




-PUT 'EM IN HOCK, CASEY!  
.....I'VE GOT A LITTLE  
SOCIAL CALL TO MAKE!



SUPPOSING IT DID COME FROM OFF MY  
SHIP, -HOW'RE YOU GOING TO PROVE IT?  
.....YOU SAY THE DOPE WAS FOUND IN THE  
HARBOR, AND YET YOUR GANG INVESTIGATED  
EVERY BLASTED CRUMB THAT WE THREW  
OVERBOARD!



BACK ABOARD THE 'MANDARIN'

-OH, I'LL PROVE IT ALLRIGHT, CAPTAIN!

MR. WARREN, AS CHIEF OFFICER, YOU WILL TAKE  
OVER COMMAND! -CAPTAIN BAILY IS -ER-  
INDISPOSED! -DROP THE STARBOARD ANCHOR, PLEASE



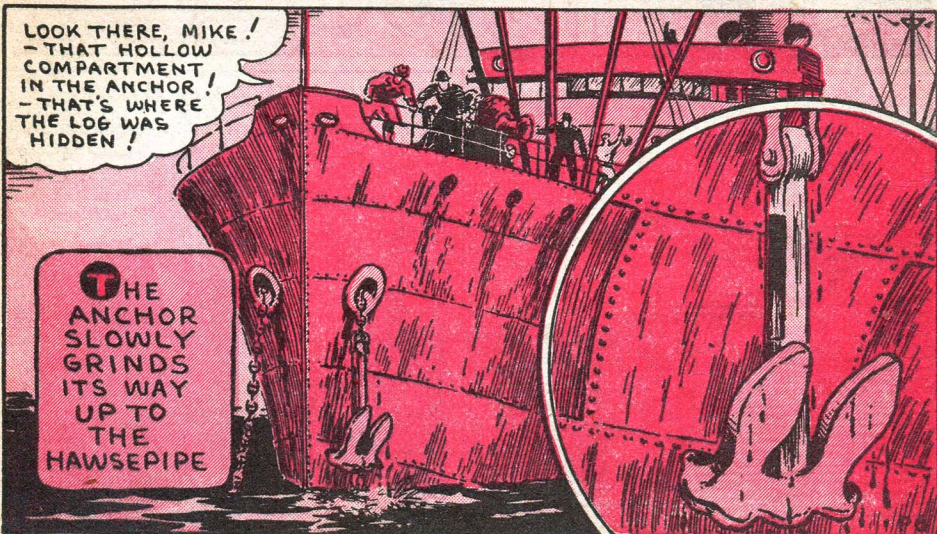
ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR,  
-SHE'S DOWN!

OKAY, -HEAVE IN  
ON THE OTHER  
ONE!

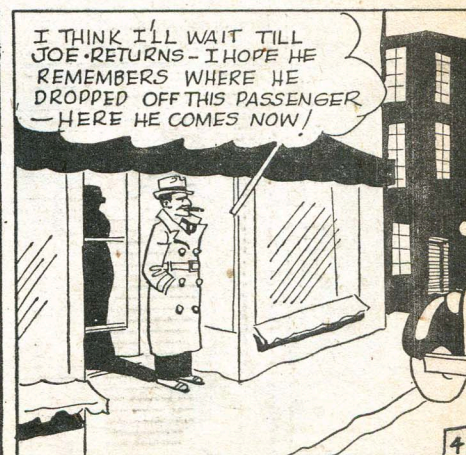
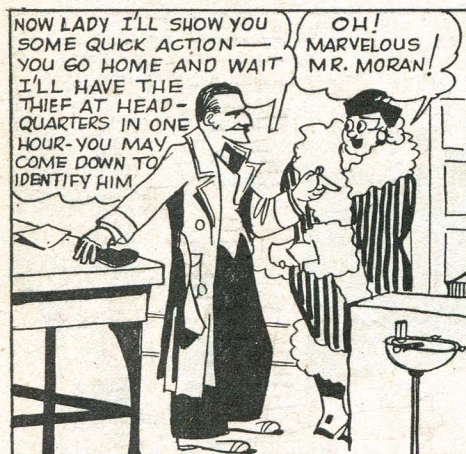


LOOK THERE, MIKE!  
-THAT HOLLOW  
COMPARTMENT  
IN THE ANCHOR!  
-THAT'S WHERE  
THE LOG WAS  
HIDDEN!

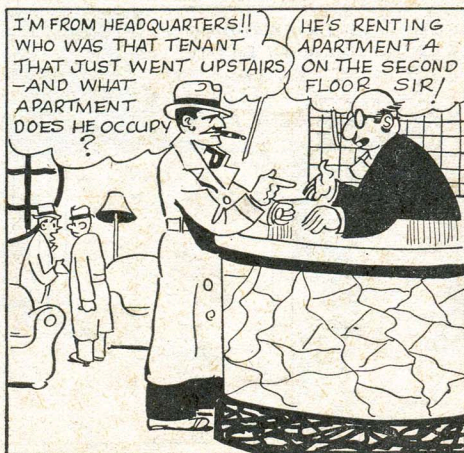
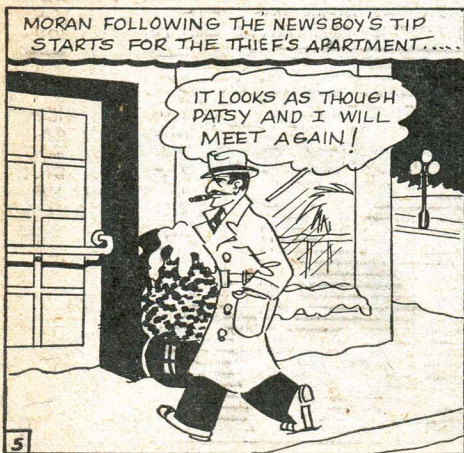
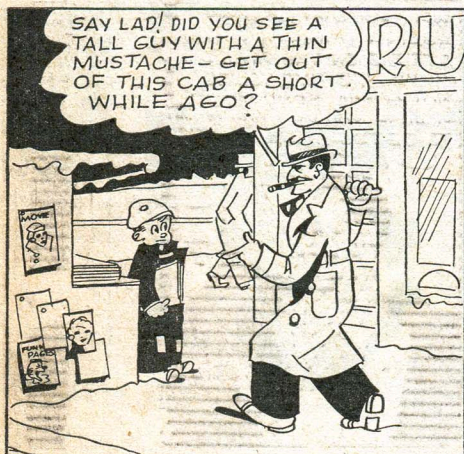
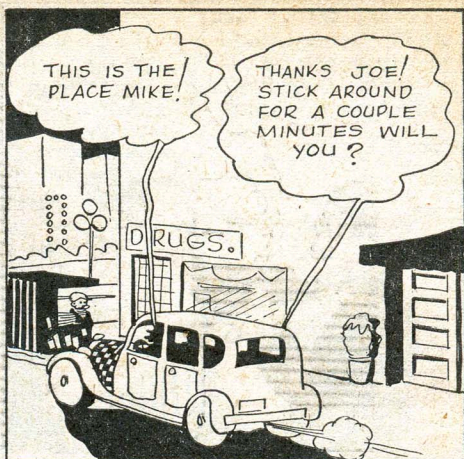
THE  
ANCHOR  
SLOWLY  
GRINDS  
ITS WAY  
UP TO  
THE  
HAWSEPIPE



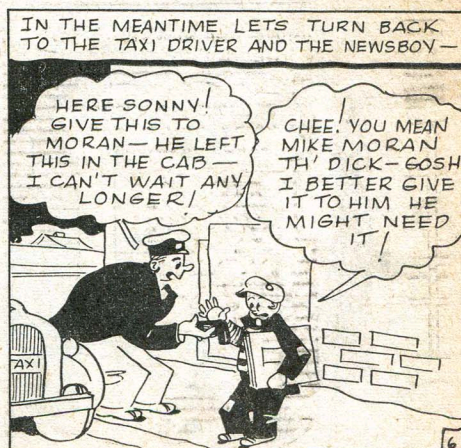
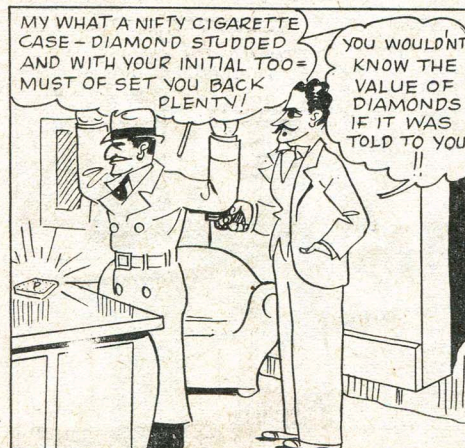




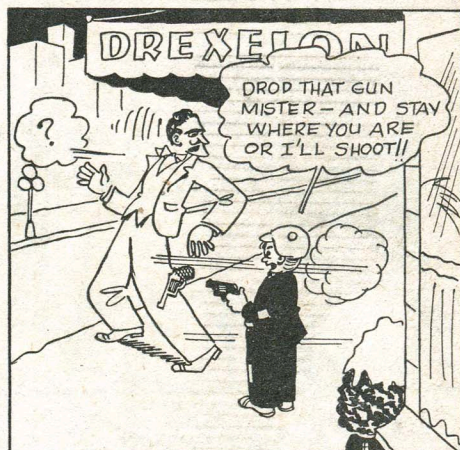














# BLIND *Spy*



By Whit Myer

ONE by one, and many times, every shred of evidence that Secret Operative Torrence had gathered in investigating Case 128 had been brought up, examined, and correlated by the Operative, and his Chief, Captain Keene of the U. S. Secret Service.

The air was blue with smoke, as the two men leaned back for a final review of the whole matter.

"I've been a month and a half on this case, Chief," the Secret Operative said, "and I can't make head or tail out of the whole mess."

"Torrence, all I need to say to you is that the secrets of the New Arsenal are leaking out," replied Captain Keene. "We must find out who is passing the information on to the foreign power, and what is more important, *how this is done!*"

"Give me another week, Chief," pleaded the Secret Operative. "If I don't turn in the information you want, I'll quit."

"Easy, there, boy!" smiled Captain Keene to his best Operative. "You've been with me a good many years. I don't think you're against a blind wall, not if you get that think-tank of yours working. Now, get going!"

**D**OWN to the arsenal went Secret Operative Torrence.

Down to the very same spot which he had been watching for a month or more, in all kinds of weather, and all hours.

"Hello, Pop!" he said to the kindly old man who seemed to sit by the hour on an old capstan by the dry dock, and who sold an occasional carved wood novelty to whoever would buy. "Hello, Miss Helen," he said to the patient young miss who accompanied the old man wherever he went. For the old man who whittled all day there by the dry dock where some of the Navy's finest ships came for inspection, was blind.

So far as Torrence could find out, the old man had been an old sea hound, and couldn't keep away from the fresh and invigorating smell of the water. His daughter, the young lady who was always with him, seemed to have inherited the love of the sea, for she was forever describing the scenes and the views that were part of the picture before her eyes.

Torrence passed on, into the offices of the Commandant, grunted greetings here and there, and made ready for another careful, and minute inspection of all persons in the Arsenal enclosure.

**W**ELL, Chief," Torrence reported to Captain Keene some days later, "my week is almost up, and I'm getting worried."



"So you're letting me down, eh Torrence?" Captain Keene asked.

Torrence had a movement of annoyance.

"Why don't you trail down that antique dealer and his wife, you know, the fellow who seems to be exporting antiques from this country, as though we had enough antiques here to send to Europe!"

"You know that antique stuff is fake stuff, Chief," replied Torrence. "He's just taking his customers abroad for a ride, and making a handsome profit on the merchandise."

"Well, it might be a good idea to investigate that!" said Captain Keene. "Isn't that another way of betraying our country — sending inferior merchandise for the real stuff — 'made in America.' Why don't you take a run up to Park Avenue, just for the air?"

"The doorman will be getting tired of seeing me hanging around the place if I go there once more," explained Torrence. "Besides——"

"Don't tell me you're afraid of that six and a half foot Russian doorman!" laughed Captain Keene. "Why don't you pay that antique dealer a personal visit. Go right up to his swanky apartment, and have a talk with him!"

"Okeh, Chief, if it'll please you."

\* \* \*

**T**HE thing that had surprised Torrence in his visit to the Park Avenue residence of the antique dealer Malcolm Curtz was the ease with which he had been able to reach the balcony, and peer into the living room.

There, he had seen Curtz, his beautiful wife, and some friends, no doubt, sitting around a large table, and examining with extreme care, not antiques, but carved pieces of wood such as ——

"Those sticks look like the stuff that old Pop whittles on the dock. . . . Well, I'll be blowed!"

In no time at all, Torrence was on his way to headquarters. He had to find where Pop lived, and how it happened that Curtz was buying that sort of stuff from him.

\* \* \*

**F**OR two nights, Torrence had stood watch behind the narrow window of Pop's tiny little woodworking shop. He dared not go right in, since he had hoped against hope that the old man was in no way connected with the scandal of the military intelligence office. He hoped that the young lady might not see him, as he melted in the shadows and made himself as inconspicuous as possible as she came and went.

But now, tonight, he saw Curtz's powerful new sedan car stop in front of the shabby little shop, and Curtz step out accompanied by his wife. They entered the shop, and Torrence's face was pressed against the begrimed window, looking in eagerly.

He could hear nothing, but he saw Curtz speak to the young lady, and to Pop. And he could see a big smile on Pop's face as he handed Curtz a dozen sticks whittled in the regular, beautiful small bead pattern that Torrence had admired many times as he examined the old

man's carvings at the Arsenal. Torrence's eyes lighted up as he saw Curtz give old Pop a bunch of bills . . . much too much, he thought, for the sticks.

As Curtz and his wife, the transaction finished, walked leisurely to their car, Torrence stepped out of the shadows, and said:

"Good evening, Mr. Curtz. I would like to have the pleasure of a ride home with you!"

Curtz cursed softly as his wife cried out, startled.

Torrence, holding open the door of the large sedan, effaced himself that the lady might get in first.

"If you'll permit me, my dear Madam. I'll be your very obedient chauffeur for a few miles to town," said Torrence in mock respect.

"What comedy is this?" inquired Curtz of Torrence, whom he eyed up and down in an anxious attempt to identify him quickly. "I think you might let peaceful citizens go their way unmolested. . . . Adria, sound the horn for alarm. . ."

"My dear Curtz, you'll do nothing of the kind. I'm from Captain Keene's office, and I'll back up the authority of this badge with this convenient little weapon!"

"Captain Keene's office?" inquired Curtz maliciously. "And whom may he be, pray?"

"Let us be on our way, Mr. Curtz. The sooner I get you to headquarters, the better I'll like it. You see, my week is up tonight, and I have a report to make to Captain Keene in which you will be most interested!"

\* \* \*

**B**UT you say you found no written messages, no code books, nothing of an incriminating nature after your search of the Curtz apartment, Torrence," the Chief said. "You know, I can't hold these very respectable people here on your mere suspicion."

"That's right, Captain, I didn't find a thing, except these ——"

"You mean these sticks of wood, these things the old man carved?" inquired Captain Keene. "Why, that's the crudest kind of carving, and I'd hardly class it as antique work. . ."

"As an old Signal Corps Officer, you remember your Morse code, Captain," replied Torrence. "Now, if you will take one of these sticks and close your eyes while you rub your finger very slowly over the carvings, you will notice something very interesting——"

"Yes, yes, I'm doing it. . ."

"More slowly, please, Captain," prompted Torrence. "Here, like this!"

"Oh! Big beading and small beading . . . Why, Torrence, it spells out a word . . . Wait . . . C-R-U-I-S-E-R, P-O-R-T-L-A-N-D I-N . . . R-E-P-A-I-R I-N D-O-C-K N-O-. . . Why, that's a military message, Torrence!"

"Yes, Chief, and there's a whole bundle of sticks, carved by the blind old man as he sat at the dock, whittling away unsuspected."

"Blind? How could he know what was going on?"

"Chief, have you forgotten how eagerly the young lady described for him the things going on in the Arsenal?"

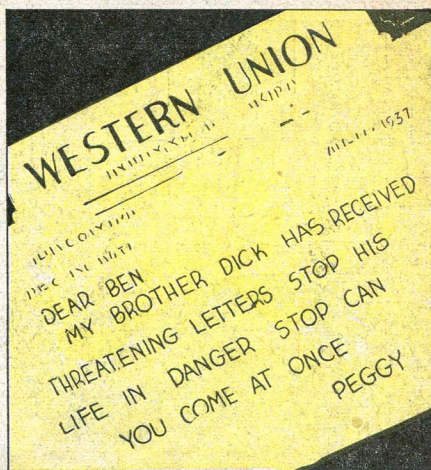
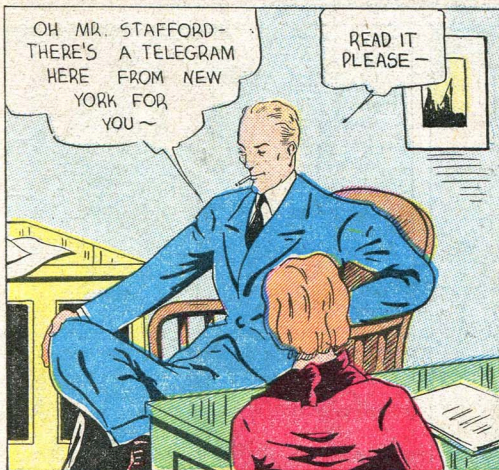
—THE END.—



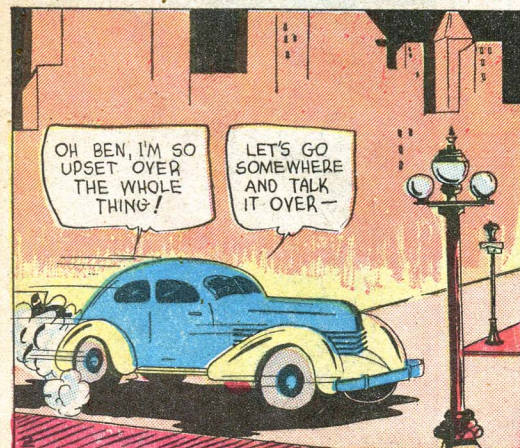
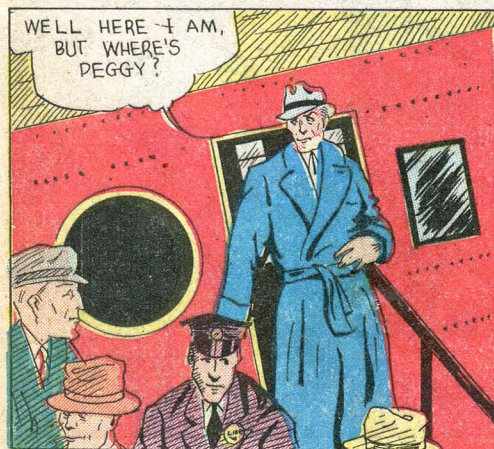
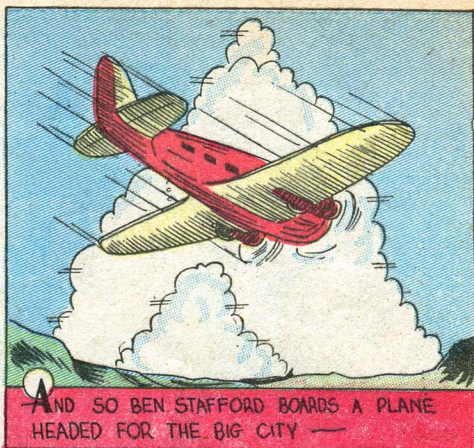
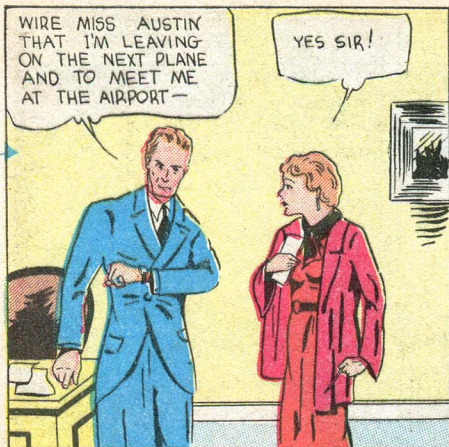
# LETTERS OF PERIL

A MODERN DRAMA WITH  
**BEN STAFFORD**  
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

by **ROBERT L. WOOD**







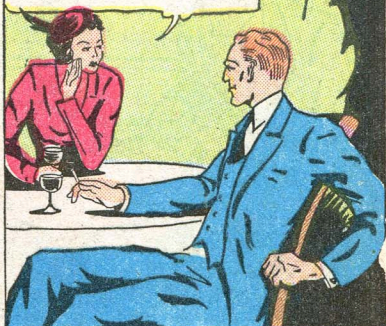


TWO WEEKS AGO DICK RECEIVED ONE DEMANDING \$50,000 - HE HAS THE MONEY, OF COURSE, BUT REFUSES TO PAY - TWO DAYS AGO HE RECEIVED ANOTHER, THREATENING HIS LIFE IF HE DIDN'T PAY BY THIS MORNING -



WHO SENT THESE LETTERS?

A GANGSTER NAMED MONDELLO - DICK HASN'T DARED TELL THE POLICE



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS MONDELLO? HE'S A BAD CUSTOMER AND CERTAINLY MEANS BUSINESS -



I'M GOING TO YOUR BROTHER AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIM BEFORE THINGS GO ANY FARTHER -

HE LIVES IN THE "STONEHOPE" ON FIFTH AVENUE - I'LL WAIT HERE



THAT'S STRANGE - NO ANSWER - GUESS I'LL TRY THE DOOR -

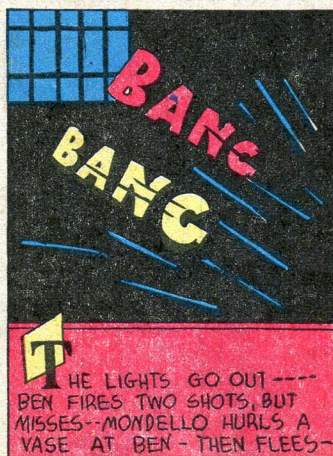
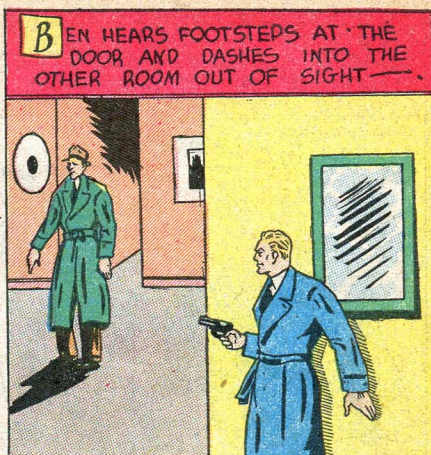
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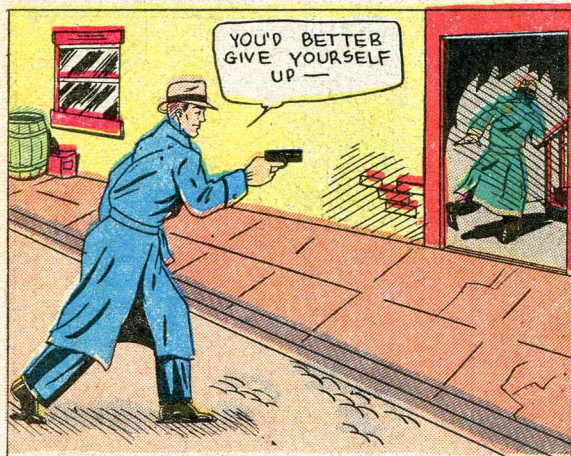
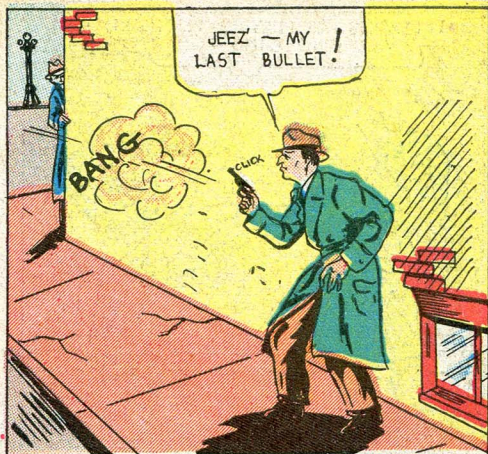
GREAT! SCOTT!



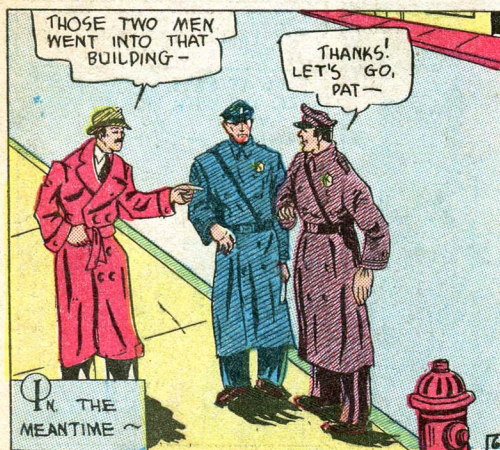
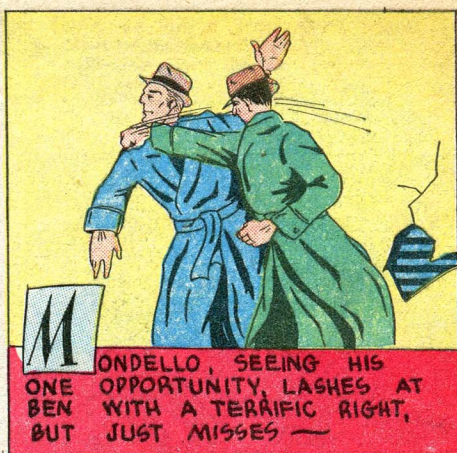














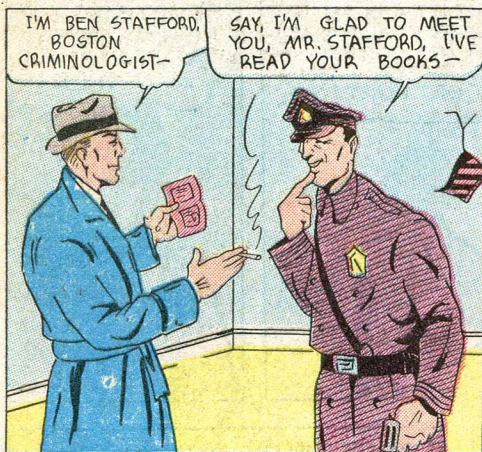


WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

ARREST THAT MAN—HIS  
NAME IS MONDELLO—  
HE JUST MURDERED  
RICHARD AUSTIN,  
THE LAWYER—

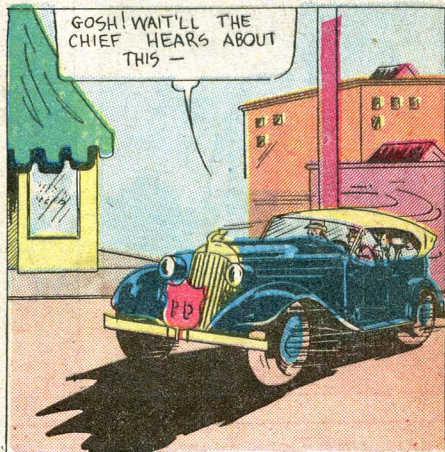


THAT'S FINE, MISTER, AND WHO  
MIGHT YOU BE, "SHERLOCK HOLMES"?

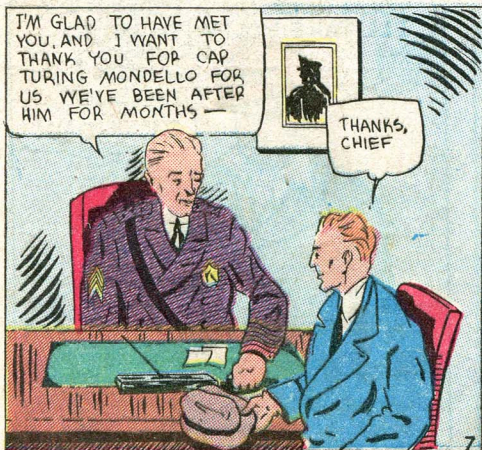


I'M BEN STAFFORD,  
BOSTON  
CRIMINOLOGIST—

SAY, I'M GLAD TO MEET  
YOU, MR. STAFFORD, I'VE  
READ YOUR BOOKS—



GOSH! WAIT'LL THE  
CHIEF HEARS ABOUT  
THIS—



I'M GLAD TO HAVE MET  
YOU, AND I WANT TO  
THANK YOU FOR CAP-  
TURING MONDELLO FOR  
US. WE'VE BEEN AFTER  
HIM FOR MONTHS—

THANKS,  
CHIEF



LATER

I'M SORRY THAT IT ALL HAD  
TO HAPPEN, BEN, BUT I'M  
PROUD OF YOU FOR ALL  
YOU'VE DONE—

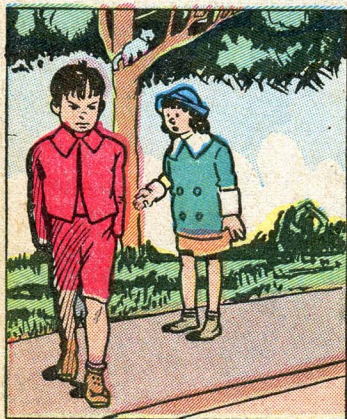
YOU'VE BEEN  
MIGHTY SWEET  
THROUGH IT ALL,  
PEGGY



# "DOPED OUT"

by ELLIS EDWARDS

QUICK WITS vs. QUICK FISTS  
...AN AMATEUR "G-MAN" STORY...  
A COMPLETE



I WOULDN'T ASK AN OLD SISSY FRAIDY-CAT TO GET MY KITTEN OUTA THE TREE - YOU MIGHT GET HURT!



SOMETIMES I WISH MY DAD WASN'T A "G" MAN - THEN --



--MAYBE HE'D QUIT TELLING ME THAT THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR FIGHTING -- "USE YOUR HEAD - SAVE YOUR FISTS" -- HOW'RE YOU GOING TO --



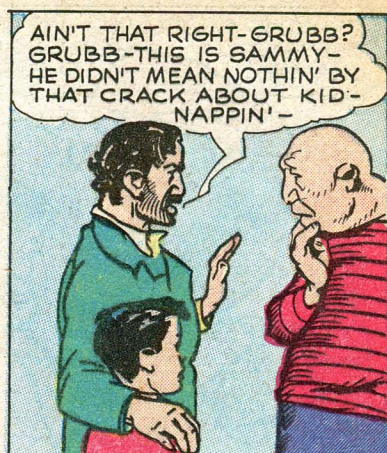
TAKE IT EASY-SON! I NEED YOUR HELP ON A CASE--- I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME TO GRUBB'S SHACK!

O-KAY -DAD!

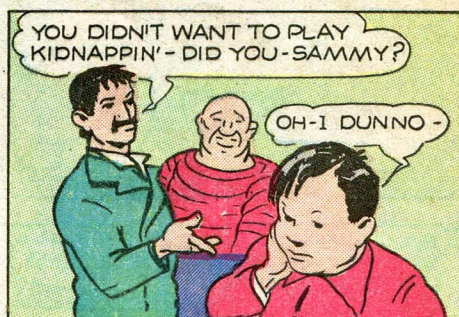
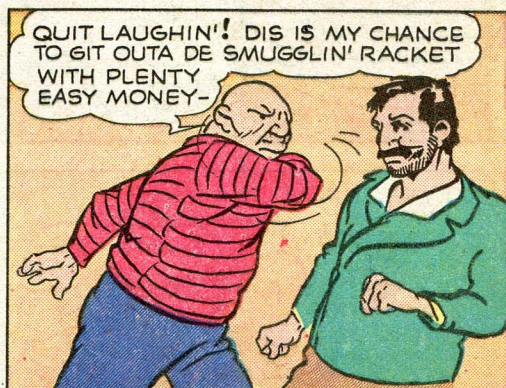
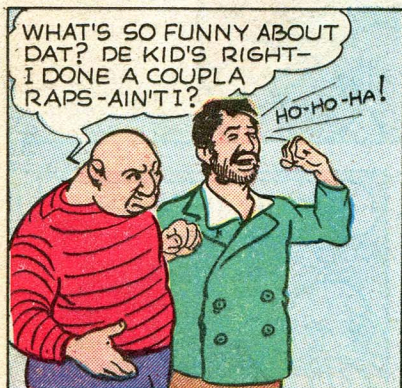




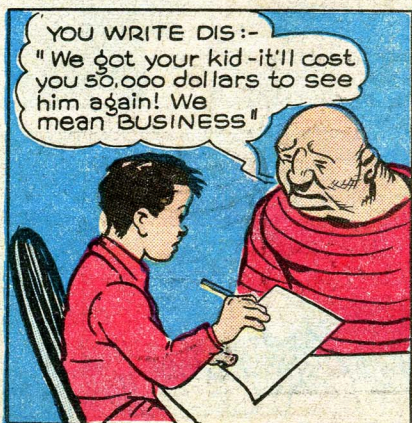
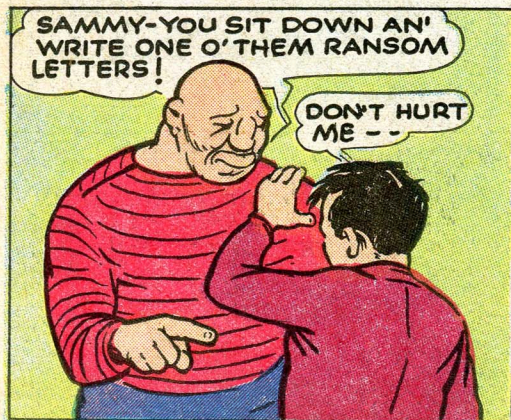
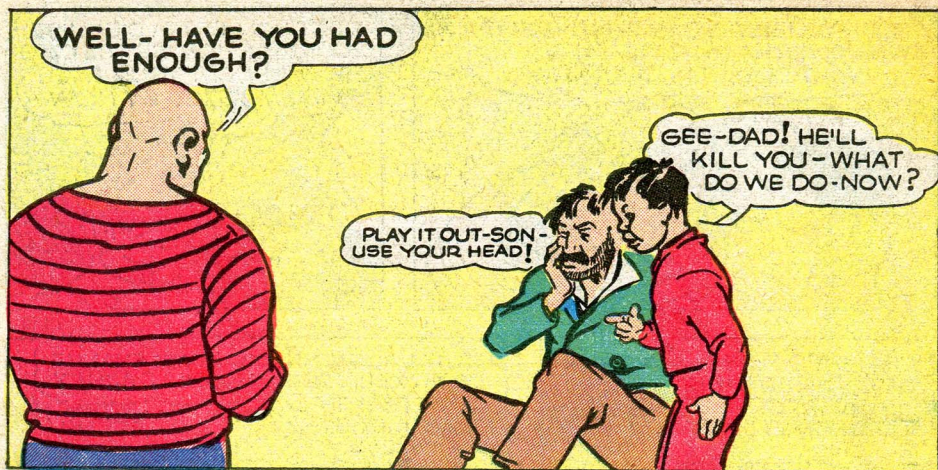




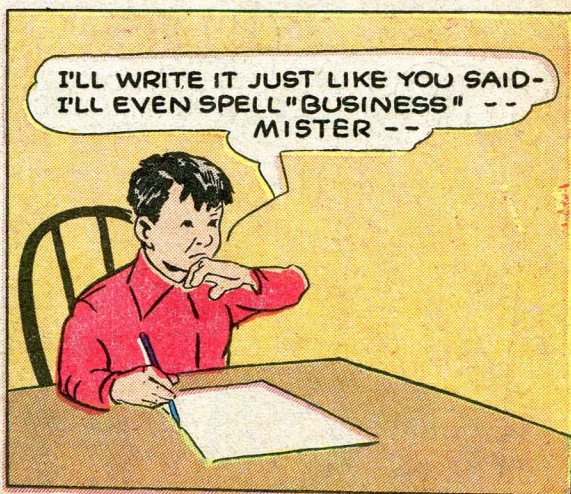
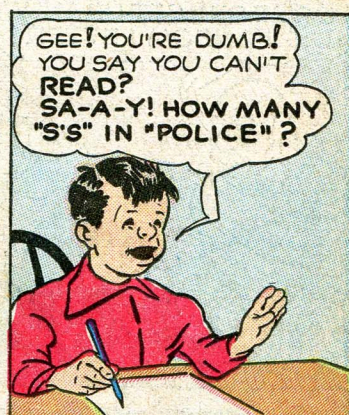
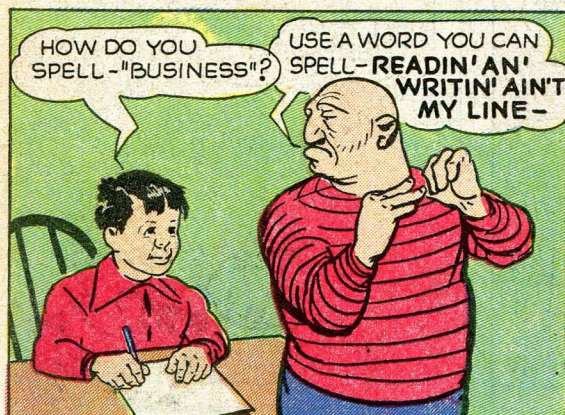
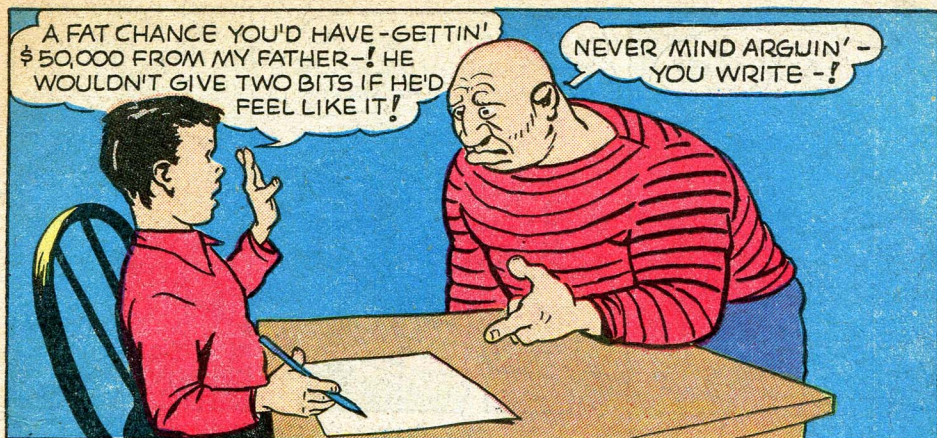




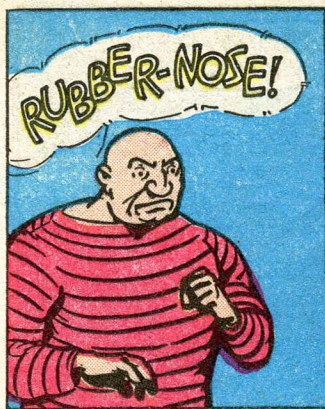






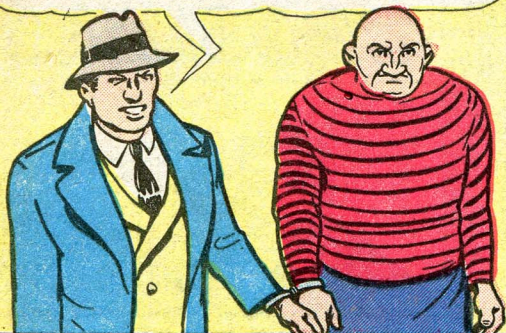




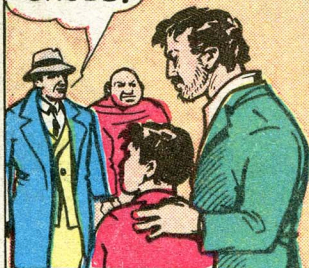




'S A GOOD THING THE KID LIFTED THE TRAP-DOOR-- THE LIGHT FROM UP HERE WAS SHINING THROUGH THE CRACKS OF A DOOR THAT LED ME RIGHT INTO A --



-SECRET DRUG CACHE! THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WARE-HOUSE BECAUSE THE "HOT-STUFF" IS ALL PILED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TRAP-DOOR STEPS! -- COME ON-GRUBB!



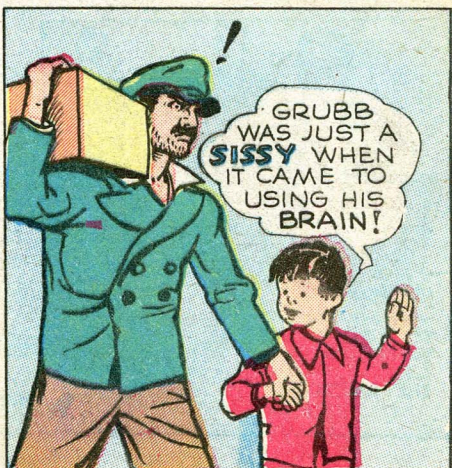
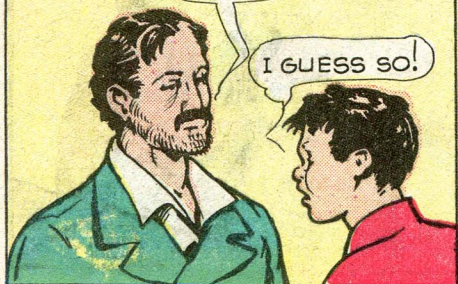
DAD- DID ANYBODY EVER FOLLOW YOU 'ROUND CALLIN' YOU **SISSY** JUST 'CAUSE YOU'D PROMISED NOT TO FIGHT?

NO- WHY?



SON- A PAIR OF **QUICK FISTS** DIDN'T HELP GRUBB BECAUSE YOUR **QUICK WITS** UNCOVERED HIS GUILT-- ISN'T THAT A PROOF?

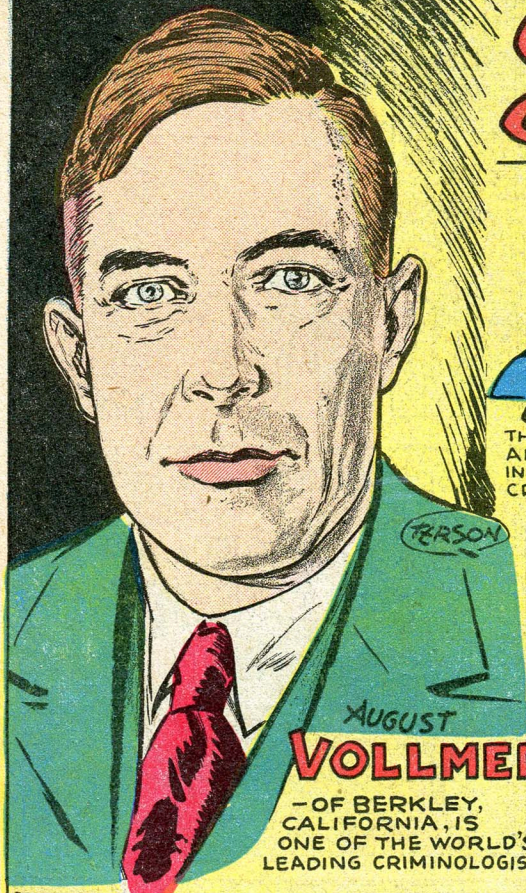
I GUESS SO!



GRUBB WAS JUST A **SISSY** WHEN IT CAME TO USING HIS **BRAIN**!

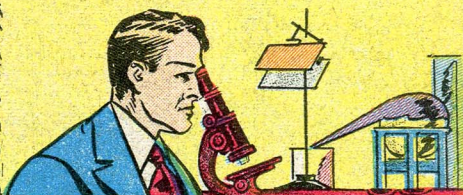


# CRIME CRUSHERS

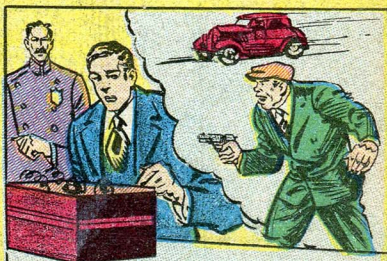


AUGUST  
**VOLLMER**

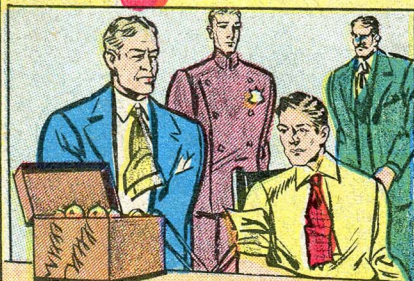
- OF BERKLEY, CALIFORNIA, IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING CRIMINOLOGISTS



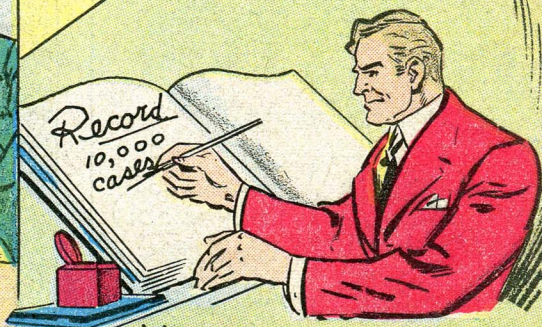
VOLLMER IS WORLD FAMOUS AS THE "WEST COAST NEMESIS OF CRIMINALS" AND HAS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE PROMOTION OF SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION AND PREVENTION !



HE WAS THE FIRST TO USE RADIO IN POLICE WORK -



- AND THE FIRST TO SOLVE CASES WITH THE LIE DETECTOR.



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